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THE NEW CAPITAL OF ITALY—THE ELEVATION OF FLORENCE AND THE DOWNFALL OF TURIN.—The Turin correspondent of the London Times shows, in a letter from which we make the following extract, that nothing short of Rome as the capital will satisfy the Italians:—

The reason why Rome is deemed by many the only possible permanent capital of Italy is not so much to be sought in the advantages of

its site, in the stateliness of its aspect, or the glory of its traditions, as in the fact that owing to all these causes it is the only city to which all the other towns of Italy are said to be willing to bow in obedience. "Choose Rome as a capital," men say, "and there is an end for ever of all municipal pretensions. But place the seat of government at Milan, Florence, or anywhere else, and you will have to contend with endless

[illegible]

the squares, with magnificent theatres, and splendid coffee-houses and tasteful shops, as a place where all the appliances of modern civilization, Turin has no rival within the limits of the Peninsula. As a collection of historical monuments, as a repository of works of art, it is perhaps the last. But, however delightful may be the daily contemplation of the glorious productions of human genius which meet the eye at every step in the immortal city of Giotto and of Brunelleschi, there are things in which Florence stands at least a century behind our much maligned Turin. Her streets are narrow, crooked, and often filthy; her picturesque river stinks during a certain part of the year.

shops are clean and scantily stocked, and her air is by the Florentines themselves, described as in the highest degree unwholesome, planing down by slow degrees the voluptuous curves of beauty to the sterile uniformity of a deal board, and deranging the liver and the digestion of the stronger sex. And be this said without the slightest desire to depreciate Florence, and much less Tuscany, one of the most characteristic of Italian provinces, blessed with the living treasure of the most beautiful language in the world,

But it is no less true that if Italy is to gain anything by the removal of her government to the banks of the Arno, Florence and Tuscany will also be gainers by the bargain. Many old and dusty anomalies must be swept away before this part of the country can be rendered worthy of its high, if only temporary, destiny. Tuscany has abolished the penalty of death, but she has never introduced trial by jury into her judicial system; she prohibits a game of billiards on Sunday, yet keeps her theatre and her sav-

ns open, and she still sends little boys to prison for a month and upwards for the enormous crime of throwing a stone—if the stone should by accident strike one of the "little tabernacles" which the Italians are, or used to be, fond of erecting at the corners of streets and at country cross-roads. It is said that before proceeding to the transfer the government will apply to parliament for the faculty of a-similating, without further discussion, the provincial and communal laws of Tuscany to those of the rest of Italy, pending the introduction of the new

NEGLECTED PENMANSHIP. A London paper says if any foolish lad, or still more silly teacher, should imagine that it is the sign of a vulgar and mental education to write a good hand, the owner schoolboy and pedagogue disabuse themselves of this mistaken idea the better. The highest circles of English society cultivate penmanship with care and success.

The Queen's handwriting is beautiful.—*Glas-*

gent and elegant and feminine. Prince Albert's biographer compares the Prince to Goethe, who "would take inordinate pains even in writing a short note, that it should be admirably written. He did not understand the merit of second best, but every thing that was to be done must be done perfectly." The Prince Consort took the greatest interest in the calligraphy of his children, and few young people, we are assured, write more elegantly, and, at the same time, more distinctly than the Princes

and the Princesses of England. Our highest statesmen have not thought it beneath them to cultivate a clear and distinct penmanship. Lord Palmerston's handwriting is free, firm, and, considering his great age, by no means obscure. Lord Derby writes a capital hand—at once elegant and legible—an aristocratic hand, if there be such a thing. Earl Russell's is a smaller and more feminine hand, yet clear as his expositions of constitutional law, and as incisive in its style as some of his despatches are biting, though rash, in

utter. The Lord Chancellor writes a beautiful hand—firm, solid, and legal—such a hand as should have drawn up the Bill of Rights. Sir Hugh Cairn's is smaller, and perhaps more elegant—a gentlemanly and clear hand. Mr. Colclen's handwriting is round, bold, and commercial—the hand of one who began life as a junior clerk in days when good penmanship was perhaps the rule rather than the exception among school-boys of any ambition. Mr. Bright's is a somewhat smaller hand, rapid and flowing, yet

quill. Mr. Cadstone's is a hurried and impetuous hand—the writing of a man whose thoughts flow so thick and fast that they outstrip the pen. If he holds the quill in a firm grasp, and his letters are large and well formed. Lord Stanley's writing is by no means elegant, yet it is as distinct as large print. The Duke of Newcastle's long, well-formed, and very distinct letters would perhaps gain him the prize of calligraphy among living statesmen, yet his penmanship is inferior to that of the late Marquis of Weylesly, who wrote, perhaps, the best hand of

day. Considering how much writing the Governor-Generals of India, during the last half century, had to do, it has been fortunate for East India Directors, Boards of Control, and Indian Secretaries, that the vice regal penmanship has been so uniformly good. Lord W. Bentinck's words and letters sometimes run a little into each other, yet his and was fairly legible. Lord Minto's was firm, good hand. Lord Hastings and Lord Amherst each wrote a somewhat pic-

leque mind. Yet every letter of both was as clear as print. Lord Auckland's hand was singularly round and legible. Lord Ellenborough's was too lady-like and finical to be very distinct; but his successor, Lord Hothouse, wrote an admirable model hand, and Lord Canning's was also an example of good penmanship. Every one remembers how plain and distinct were the notes beginning "F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments," although everyone may not be aware that many of the communications so highly prized by autograph col-

A SLIGHT MISTAKE, BUT ONE THAT MIGHT HAVE ENDED SERIOUSLY.—A gentleman residing on Second street, returned somewhat suddenly from a business trip up the river one evening last week, and, upon entering his house,

turned from a money that the sworn partner of joys and sorrows had gone to the "circus" with the "Captain and his whiskers." Our hero is not ordinarily a jealous man, but the green-eyed monster took fierce possession of him just then, and arming himself to the teeth, he started out to watch the festive couple. They met on Madison street. The injured husband drew a revolver and cried revenge, but a quick, scientific movement on the part of the officer arrested it from his hand and brought him to the ground. He was then taken to the hospital and died peacefully. — *SM. husband!*

"Wait!" exclaimed the vanquished husband, with surprise, as he clutched the hand that smote him only a moment before, "I didn't know it was you; I—thought it was some—d officer making love to my wife." Here came in the laugh from a number of bystanders, urging which the trio moved homeward. The officer had been absent nearly two years, and, during the absence of his sister's husband he arrived here en route for his own home in

Illinois, on a tirlough.—*Memphis Bulletin.*  
The Liverpool fair for wounded rebels yielded  
\$95,000.











